

LESOP
AT
RICHMOND,

Recovered of his late Illness.

A Poem in Burlesque,

Dedicated to His
Royal Highness the Duke.

*One for Sence and one for Rhime,
I think's sufficient at a time.*
Hudibr.

LONDON, Printed in the Year 1698.

To His Royal Highness Duke H U M F R E Y.

May it please your Grace,

Gratitude is as essentially necessary to a Poet as wit: For, of all Mankind, they generally share the hardest Fortunes, and were they not sometimes relieved by the generous Few, might utterly starve and perish: And since nothing can be expected from them, but the poor Returns of Thanks, What Monsters were they, should they neglect the paying so small a Tribute; and how odious must they seem in the Eyes of all Men, stain'd with Ingratitude: 'Tis with them as with Common Beggars, where the Donor may rationally demand not only Thanks but Prayers, he has an unquestionable Right to 'em, and to wrong him of 'em, were as heinous as picking his Pocket.

I need not tell the World, your Grace has for many years been the best Patron of the best Poets, and that your Grace has the largest and truest Soul of Bounty and Generosity of any Man living, that would be needless; 'tis like shewing Men the Sun at Noon-Day: Yet I hope I may so far presume upon your Grace's Modesty, as to say, None has more largely tasted of it than my self: I will not say, your Grace has fed me upon all Occasions; yet I must declare I have din'd at your Table when all the world besides have denied me a Morsel of Bread. But your Grace's Bounty do's not end here; Your Grace has not only reliev'd the Poets in general, but the best and most learned part of the World besides; for, not to reckon the vast Shoals of Debtors, Prisoners, Stray-Apprentices, Bailiffs, Sharpers, Rooks, Pimps, Gamesters, &c. that daily eat of your Bread and drink of your Drink; a great and vast Number of Divines, Casuists, Projectors, Painters, Musicians, Rhetoricians, &c. are daily maintained at your Graces Table; and 'tis this thing that singles your Grace out from the rest of Mankind, and your Grace is more known by your Acts of Hospitality than ever *Alexander the Great* was by all his Conquests. The Tables your Grace do's every Day support and uphold, are almost innumerable; for, besides the most noted ones in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, *Coven-Garden*, *St. James's Park*, &c. Your Grace has several in *Moor-fields*, *Goodmans-fields*, *Tower-hill*, &c. and all so well furnish'd and set out, that your Grace's Bounty seems as unlimited as the Sun; and if so, how impossible is it for us to be sufficiently thankful.

May it please your Grace, then to accept this poor Trifle, as an hearty Acknowledgement of the Author, for the many Favours your Grace has bestow'd upon him, and may your Grace live long and flourish, for the Support of all decay'd Persons, and particularly, of the fading Sons of the Muses, is, and ever shall be the hearty and earnest Prayer of

May it please your Grace,

*Your Grace's most obliged,
humble and obedient Servant,*

Jacob Dash.

TO THE
R E A D E R.

I Question not but thou wilt wonder to find Æsop has so suddenly cross'd the Water, and that he is now at Richmond, especially at the latter end of the Season, when it might reasonably have been presum'd he had before sufficiently purg'd his Brain at Tunbridge: However, I can assure thee, here he is; nay, and what's more, I have drank with him, and, upon my word, think him a very honest, loyal, witty, good natur'd Fellow. He told me privately, he had been inform'd, that some of his Works had been, directly against his Will, rendred disgustful and obnoxious to the best of Kings and Governments: So, for the future, he resolv'd neither to speak Fables, or talk Politicks, but in harmless Doggrel, by way of Satyr, (for he must show his Teeth still) point at lesser Follies: He added, that he was beholden, not only to the Poets and Painters for representing him to the World with such Charms, as a Scythe-Leg, Beetle-Brow, Goggle-Eye, Blobber-Lip, swarthy Phiz, &c. when (says he) turning about, I'm as well shap'd as your Worship, or any Jack Pudding of 'em all; but I may requite their Civilities, and with that, in a great Rage, he paid his Reckoning and went away.

But setting all this aside (most dear and gentle Reader) I have n't one word to give thee on behalf of what follows, nor one Reason for writing it (save that the Toy took me i'th' Crown) and I care as little what becomes on't as a Whore of her dropp'd Child, so thou mayst use it at thy Mercy.

Æ S O P

(1)

Æ S O P

A T

RICHMOND.

SINCE nothing now but Dogrel Rhimes
Will please the Readers of our Times,
And every Scribler of the Town,
Of Little, Great, or No Renown,
Pesters the World with Frippery Stuff,
And thinks his Verses well enough.
Since *Æsop* strols from Place to Place,
Like banish'd Tory in Disgrace,
And checks the Frenzy of the Age,
In Deathless and Immortal Page.
Since he at *Tunbridge* first appear'd,
With lousie Head and mangy Beard;
And after that at *Bath* was seen,
With hideous Shape, and Face unclean.

B

Since

Since after that, (and worst of all)
 He took up Quarters in *Whitehall*,
 And there, like *Rochester* of old,
 Spoke Truth undauntedly and bold :
 He cross'd the *Thames*, and travell'd strait
 To *Richmond-Wells*, so fam'd of late,
 Where soon the Air clear'd his Reason,
 He did no longer utter Treason ;
 Nor ever canvas or debate
 The great Intrigues of Church or State ;
 Nor in his merry Vein make Sport
 With Lords or Noblemen at Court :
 He scorns, he says, so base a thing,
 But wishes well to Kirk and King ;
 No longer is a Polititian,
 Or to the Frenzy-Times Physitian.
 With Fables now, of Cat and Dog,
 He scorns to fet the Mob a-gog :
 Or with the Story of a Stallion,
 Incite Phanaticks to Rebellion.

He's

He's heard it somewhere, that a Tale
 Will strangely over Men prevail,
 And wonderfully prompt 'em to,
 What they before ne're thought to do ;
 And thinks it heinous and unjust,
 He ever should betray his Trust ;
 And therefore like true Subject chuse
 On other Theams to employ his Muse ;
 And of a Pimp or Bawd to sing,
 Rather than Church, State, Trade or King.

High, on a steep and craggy Hill,
 Stands the renowned *Richmond-Well*.
 Whose Waters Excellence and Force
 Has oft been prov'd by Man and Horse.
 Hither great Gentry do resort,
 From City, Country, Town and Court ;
Nay, some from Holland, Spain and France,
And in promiscuous Order dance ;
 The Place no difference do's afford
 Between th' Apprentice and the Lord.

Nor can a Chamber-maid be known
 From any Lady in the Town.
 The Father, Daughter, Son, and Mother,
 In Country Dances make a Pother,
 And crowd and buffle till they sweat,
 From Crown of Head to Sole of Feet.
 The Citizen to make his Life
 More easie, hither brings his Wife,
 The Yeoman brings up *Jean* his Daughter,
 To give the Room a Fit of Laughter,
 And she in harmles fort and Guise,
 Sucks Passion in at Ears and Eyes,
 And with her old new-fashion'd Cloaths,
 Poor Creature ! thinks to charm the Beaux ;
 She stares 'em wistly in the Faces,
 And Eye's their whimsical Grimaces,
 Observes their formal Bows and Congees,
 Their low Observances, and Longees,
 And finds so many pretty Features,
 At last she dotes upon the Creatures.

But

But e're we farther do advance,
 Let's know the Order how they dance,
 Describe the Room, Musick, and Gallery,
 Not in our wonted Stile and Raillery,
 But seriously, and in the way
 Which Quakers Preach in, Poets pray.

With that I whipt my Muse, but still
 The lazy Jade goes at her Will,
 And tho' I jerk'd from Bum to Face,
 Denies to stir or mend her Pace,
 But like your true-bred drinking Sot,
 Keeps jogging on in wonted Trot.

Impal'd within an Oaken Wand,
 Mounted aloft, the Musick stand,
 Compos'd of Bass and Violin,
 Besides a Flute and Haut-boys fine,
 And, that it might be truly such,
 Each Fiddler stands upon a Crutch ;

And

And when he screws or heightens Peg,
 Breaths forth a Curse on aking Leg.
 Behind 'em all do's stand blind *Jack*;
 With pocky Nose and lowfie Back,
 Who, on his broken, winded Flute,
 Sets up a hideous squeaking Tute,
 Which, join'd in Chorus with his Voice,
 Make a more formidable Noise
 Than *Hudibras's* Herd of Swine,
 In windy Weather when they whine,
 These by a Wink, or Nod of Hand,
 Play what the Company command.

But first our Gallants all stand ready,
 Each Man attending on his Lady,
 And at Green Sleeves and Pudding-pies,
 Rig out a Dance, in Country-wise,
 Cast off, and turn, and face about,
 Now riggle in, and then hop out,
 And by and by wheel'd round again,
 Begin at Place where they began.

But,

But, Lord! 'tis wondrous strange to see
 The Niceness of their Symmetry,
 With what an artificial Pother
 They almost stifle one another ;
Dick has my Lady by the Hand,
 And *Doll* a Squire at Command,
 The Beau has *Susan* by the Paw,
 The Crack a cully'd Man o'th' Law,
 The Bawd a sneaking sniv'ling Cit,
 The Country-Lass a Man of Wit,
 The Alderman has *Betty Frouze*,
 And Bully *Rock* his lawful Spouse,
 The Poet has a senseless Drab,
 The nice Sir *Courtly* Gammer *Squab*,
 Th' Apprentice gets a common VVhore,
 The Fool a VVench untry'd before,
 The Country Clown a Lady fair,
 The Gentleman a Horfing-Bear,
 The Citizen a strapping Ramp,
 His Neighbour one o'th' self-same Stamp,

The

The Countess has, for her Support,
 A Gentleman o'th' Inns of Court,
 The Hen-peck'd Knight the Parsons Daughter,
 The Jilt a harmless Country Carter,
 The Rich the Poor, the Great the Small,
 And frisk it in Confusion all.

But now we must suppose 'em weary
 VVith Jumping to the new Vagary;
 And for the Ladies sake a Dance
 Is call'd for, *Alamode de France*,
 In which B---- do's most excell,
 VVitness his dancing the *Sybell*;
 VVhen with such Grace he moves his Parts,
 As softens all the Ladies Hearts,
 So skill'd is he in *Cupid's* VVar,
 He conquers round him near and far,
 And, like a General in the Field,
 Can make the stoutest Beauty yield;
 And this, they say, he takes Delight in,
 But is a F----l at real Fighting.

To match him, of the Female kind,
 Is Mrs. *Leer*, as loose as Wind ;
 She trips with so demure a Motion,
 You'd swear she was at her Devotion ;
 Nor cou'd you, by her Phiz or Carriage,
 Guess she had e're committed Marriage :
 She looks as charming, young and gay,
 As Flowers in the Month of *May* ;
 But, envious of her Beauty, Fame
 Casts vile Aspersions on her Name.

Next her is Madam *Merryton*,
 The Pride and Glory of the Town,
Phillis to every rhiming Fool,
 And Theam to all the Boys at School ;
 Her, *Wits*, in Verse, proclaim the fairest,
 'Cause she's a Beauty and an Heiress,
 But being given too much to prattle,
 Has got the Name of *Madam Tattle*.

Miss *Micklewell* comes next in Play,
 More glorious than a Summers Day,
 Young, vigorous, charming and discreet,
 In all her Looks and Graces sweet ;
 But, Ah! what Tongue or Pen can tell,
 How fine she dances the *Sybell*!
 The *Minuet*! and *Rigadoon*,
 The *Bory-Versaille*! and *Ghacane* !
 With what a killing Mien and Air,
 She charms the Foplings to Despair!
 And by the Magick of her Eyes,
 Turns stubborn Hearts to Sacrifice!
 What Victims daily fall before her !
 What Crowds of Fopingtons adore her !
 For her the Generous dare and fight,
 The *Frenchmen* fawn, and Poets write,
 And justly too, nor can a Muse,
 In praising her, be too profuse.

Nor's Mrs. *Freemer* to escape,
 If 'tis but for her taking Shape ;

Her

Her Neck's but short, but thick about,
 Her Eyes like Sawcers straggle out
 Of large Dimensions, and her Waste
 Is near four Yards about at least;
 And when she walks 'tis hard to know
 Whether a Snail or or she's more slow;
 Howe're she's pleasant, and withal
 Jocund, which makes amends for all.

To cope with her, is Captain *Bluff*,
 Whom, all report, she loves enough
 To wed; but he, like Man of Sence,
 Still keeps the Damsel in Suspence,
 Than which there is no greater Curse
 To VVomen-kind, (as some discourse)
 For Love, altho' it makes no Noise,
 In Silence secretly destroys.

Next him is Mounfieur *Addlesop*,
 That noisie, senceless, prating Fop,
 A Prig, that all the Day in Glasse,
 Stands doating on his ugly Face,

He studies all the Ways and Arts
 To overcome the Ladies Hearts,
 And is more noted for an Afs
 Than e're Sir *Martin Marr-all* was,
 For, like that Fool, he spoils his Plot
 Before 'tis to Perfection got.
 The famous *Noaks*, or *Tony Lee*,
 Were ne're so great a Nokes as he;
 Nor could they with such Skill and Art
 Play an admiring Coxcomb's Part;
 For he's the very Fool in Fashion,
 Within the Centre of the Nation.

Draw-can-fir is the next in Story,
 A fighting Coward and a Tory,
 A Pentioner] to Petticoat,
 And known to e'ry Whore of Note;
 He bullies, kicks, and cuffs for Pay,
 But in a Duel runs away;
 He cocks and struts with Pride and State,
 And do's of nought but Battles prate,

And every Word that comes from Mouth
 Is coupl'd with a daring Oath ;
 Yet when a Quarrel claims his Aid,
 He hides his Head and is afraid,
 Will rather choose to run than fight :
 But when he should a Cully fright,
 His Valour is as fierce and bold
 As the fam'd *Hercules* of old,
 Tho' now the Fool is so well known,
 He's beat by e'ry Boy in Town.

Dapper is next, a sneaking Cit,
 That strives to be esteem'd a Wit,
 A positive, conceited Fool,
 Laugh'd at by ev'ry Boy at School ;
 He writes his Songs and Rondelays,
 Of what he steals by Scraps from Plays,
 And courts his Jilts by Name of *Phillis*,
Corinna, *Gloe*, *Amarillin* ;
 He aims at Raptures, Charms and Flights,
 Describes heroick Love and Fights,

An

And

And doubtless is the greatest As
That ever was upon the Place.

To match with him, is Mrs. *Score*,
A Semstrefs, and a noted Whore,
A *Yorksire*, goggle-grey-ey'd Jade,
But well experienc'd in the Trade,
She'll Kifs for very Cakes and Ale,
Or any thing rather than fail,
And is so very starv'd and poor,
She almost begs her Bread at Door;
Yet, with her haggard Face and Gown,
Confronts the Ladies in the Town,
And at a Masquerade or Ball
Shall take her Place amongst 'em all,
She serves for Theam to *Dapper's* Verses,
Which on her Vertues he rehearfes,
And all her charming Graces shine
More bright in his heroick Lines.

These

These dance, and round about the Room
 Sit all the Company that come,
 On Forms and Buffets, Stools and Benches,
 From Ladies down to Beggar-wenches,
 From High to Low, nor can you see
 Any Distinction of Degree.
 Here sits a Lord, and there a Taylor,
 A Justice here, and there a Jaylor,
 A Heitor here, and there a Cully,
 A Squire there, and here a Bully,
 A Statesman here, and there an Oph,
 A Witling there, and here a Soph,
 Here a subtle Politician,
 And there a maggotty Musician,
 A Tradesman here, and there a Robber,
 Here a politick Stock-jobber,
 A Lawyer here, and there a Clark,
 Yonder his Wife, and there her Spark,

Here

Here a Fool, there a Wit,
 Here a Gentleman, there a Cit,
 Here the Giver, there the Taker,
 Here the Cuckold, there the Maker,
 Here Men, there Boys,
 And People of all sorts and fize,
 Some to be seen, and some to see,
 A Miscellany-Company.

Nor is here all, ----- Besides these,
 In Gardens, underneath the Trees,
 Are Ladies and their Lovers walking,
 And of their amorous Whimfies talking,
 He thinks her Heart of Stone, and she
 Taxes the Fool with Jealousie,
 And vows that e're from him she'd part,
 Or to another give her Heart,
 She'd be content, alas ! to die,
 And then puts Finger in her Eye.

Some to a Vizor-Mask addrefs,
 And, with a Paſſion, Love profefs,
 Tell with what Vehemence they adore
 A Face they never ſaw before ;
 Swear *Cupid's* Arrow was ſo keen,
 It forc'd a Love, unfight, or ſeen,
 That by her Shape they well could gueſs
 The Beauty of her hidden Face '
 And humbly beg ſhe would Command
 Their Perſon, Pocket, Sword, or *Hand*,
 For they are hers alone, and would
 Continue ſo, by all that's good.

Others of theſe admiring Fops,
 You'll find within the Raſſing-ſhops,
 Where with ſuch Grace they throw the *Dies*,
 As wins the Ladies *Hearts* and Prize,
 And for the ſake of charming *Fair*,
 Traffick their Gold for *China-Ware*.

D

While

While the more needy Bully *Rock*,
 Ventures his Sife at *Royal-Oak*,
 He minds the Motion of the Ball,
 Yet Gamester-like he loses all :
 At ev'ry Throw he vents a Curse,
 And having now unlin'd his Purse,
 In fullen Mood, he sneaks away,
 And for a while forswears to play,

With such, and such like Sports as these,
 Our modern *Beaux* their Fancies please ;
 Some come to game, and some to woo,
 But most their Foppery to show.
 This courts in Prose, and that in Chime,
 And tags each Vow of Love with Rhime,
 Of nothing talks but Fire and Flames,
Cupid, Phillis, ——— and such hard Names,
 While Country-*Bumpkin* treats Sweet-heart,
 With Sugar'd Ale and Damson Tart,

And

And flyly by a Twich of Glove,
 Lets *Mopfa* know, he is in Love.
 In these Diversions they go on,
 Until the Entertainment's done :
 For now we must suppose it late,
 The Moon is up, and honest *Kate*
 Prepar'd for shutting up the Gate.
 The weary Musick cease to play,
 And all our Gallants walk away.
 Some at a place assign'd to meet,
 And some to serenade in Street,
 Some to the *Dog* to suck Good Red,
 One to a Miss, and one to Bed,
 Another go's to meet his Dear,
 And so , My Muse, let's leave 'em there.

F I N I S.